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TO

LORD LIVERPOOL.

*On the Farms, now to be Let in
France.*

Kensington, 19 August, 1823.

MY LORD,

"POSSESSING, as this nation
"does, a **CONSTITUTION**,
"which is the envy and admira-
"tion of the world; at peace with
"every other country; covered
"with the glories of a long and
"triumphant contest; enjoying an
"impartial administration of jus-
"tice; and having a mild and
"potriotic sovereign; it might
"have been hoped, that all ranks
"and degrees of men would have
"bent in humble gratitude for
"such *unexampled blessings* to the
"Almighty and Merciful *Disposer*
"of human events." Your
Lordship will, perhaps, wonder
where the devil I found this; but,
you will soon recognise the words
of the "**CONSTITUTIONAL ASSOCIA-**

tion," whose declaration, under
the name of **SIR JOHN SEWELL**,
the President, informs the world,
that, amongst the subscribers, are
the **MARQUIS OF HERTFORD**, **LORD**
YARMOUTH, **LORD ROBERT SEY-**
MOUR, **JOHN REEVES** (of *Crown*
and Anchor Association fame), the
DUKE OF WELLINGTON, **ROBERT**
SHEDDEN, **JOHN FLEMING**, about
a score of *Bishops*, and a whole
drove of *Parsons*, amongst whom
is, the **REVEREND THOMAS**
JEPHSON, of *St. John's College*,
Cambridge! This Association,
formed by the spiritual person,
JEPHSON, and the rest, for the
upholding of "*social order*," and
to resist all hostility to "*public*
and private **VIRTUE**;" this pious
and honest Society seem to be
quite wonder-stricken, that the
people do not all go down upon
their knees in gratitude for the
"*unexampled blessings*." But, my
good Lord, these godly men,
Messrs. Reeves, Shedden, Baring
(**Sir T.**), **Fleming**, the *Reverend*
Thomas Jephson and the other
spiritual persons, do not seem to

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recollect, that all the people of this country are *not so well off as they are*; and that it requires much more piety to be grateful for misery than it does to be grateful for smoking boards and flowing bowls. JOHN REEVES may, indeed, well be disposed to be almost constantly on his knees "in humble gratitude" for the thousands of pounds a year which he receives for nothing; no, not *for nothing*; but *without working*. The BARINGS may well *bless and praise* from morn till eve; and, as to the "*Greatest Captain*," he might, without the least impropriety, be on his marrow bones from one year's end to the other.

Not thus, however, can it be expected to be with the ragged wretches, who are shivering in gravel-pits, with little bits of old sacks about their shoulders and with haybands about their legs and feet. We may pretty fairly ascribe the language of the *Society's Declaration* to the several subscribers. Supposing, then, that the spiritual person, JEPHSON, had questioned WELSH as to his *gratitude* for the "*unexampled blessings*" which he enjoyed at *gravel-digging*! Supposing JOHN REEVES to ask a ruined farmer how it is that he is not upon his knees to *thank God for his ruin*! Sir

JOHN SEWELL, the President of the Association, is, I believe, the very same man of whose proceedings in the Isle of Malta, Lord Cochrane spoke in such glowing terms. He doubtless can tell us a great deal about the "*unexampled blessings*" which he enjoys; but, the wretches, who are living upon potatoes in Ireland, and in the north of Wiltshire, and in Somersetshire know very little about those blessings. Your Lordship, and great swarms of other sinecure placemen, may well call this thing the envy and admiration of the world; for the like of it is to be found by no placemen nor tax-eaters of any kind in any other country. It is a fact, however, and a fact that ought to be well rubbed into your Lordship's ears, that the "*world*" is not humbugged any longer by assertions like that contained in this declaration of MESSRS. REEVES, SEWELL, WELLINGTON, FLEMING, SIR THOMAS BARING, JEPHSON, BOB SHEDDEN, and the rest of this subscribing tribe. The parts of the world with regard to whose opinions we ought to feel most solicitous, are, the *United States of America*, and the *Kingdom of France*. These are the only two nations whose opinions are of real importance to us. What the people of these countries

think with regard to England is of consequence to England. It will, in the end, *produce effects* with regard to her. The exhibition which you have, at last, caused this same England to make of herself has surprised those two nations not a little. Great is the power of this pretended "*free press*." Mighty is the power of the lies which it incessantly pours forth. It is almost impossible for the mind of man to conceive any thing so completely corrupt and false as this press. Three hundred newspapers, besides magazines and reviews and other occasional pamphlets, are continually bel-
lowing forth the blessings of the British constitution, while, at the very same moment, five or six millions of wretches, who are living under it, are covered with filth, vermin and rags, and are eating food worse, and much worse, than that given to the hogs in Long Island: yet, from three to four hundred of these prostituted vehicles are making an incessant bragging about British freedom, while every printing press in the country is licensed; while printers are held in bond previous to their beginning to print; while we are liable to be banished for life, if we utter any thing having a TENDENCY to bring into contempt those who call themselves our representatives, and while the sister of Mr. Carlile is in prison, until she pay a fine of five hundred pounds, though, according to all the probabilities, she never could have possessed twenty pounds in the whole course of her life!

Mighty is the power of the lying press of England. Long has that villanous press doped the world by asserting that the world envied and admired this thing. It is after the manner of this base and impudent press to say, that the public think thus and thus. When thoughtless persons read this, they say to themselves, faith, if the public think thus and thus, *we must begin to think thus too*; or, at least, to *say* it, though we cannot think it. It is in this manner that this impudent, this bullying, this lying press has proceeded with regard to the "*blessings of the British constitution*." Each individual part of the world has adopted the opinion, which it thought, the rest of the world had already adapted. But the French Revolution; that grand effort of philosophy, and of personal prowess, has put an end to the audacious humbug. The world is deceived no longer: the whole of the deception is now reduced to domestic purposes. The world

laughs at and scorns this bragging about our liberty and our happiness; and the infamous press is now cajoling nobody but ourselves. It now tells us that the world envies and admires our situation; and, *ungrateful* wretches indeed must we be, not to be "*bent* in humble gratitude for such unexampled blessings to the Almighty and Merciful Disposer of human events!"

The world, however, instead of envying us our situation, seem to understand pretty well what that situation is, and seem thoroughly disposed to be grateful to God and their own Governments that they are in a situation precisely the opposite of ours. I am now about to produce to your Lordship a striking proof of the truth of what I have just been asserting. It is an Advertisement which I am about to insert for the information of your Lordship and my readers in general. An advertisement is but a vulgar sort of thing; nor, perhaps, is there any particular claim to public notice contained in the name of Mr. HOGGART, the author of this advertisement. It is a mere snip of print, which I have taken with a pair of scissars out of the Old Times newspaper of the 16th of this month; yet, in this little snip

of print, coming from the pen of Mr. HOGGART of No. 62, Old Broad Street; in this little vulgar piece of writing, a real statesman will find, more to alarm him, if he be an Englishman who loves his country, than was ever to be found by any man of sense in any of the fulminations of the Convention, the Directory, or Buonaparte himself. In this little piece of writing of Mr. HOGGART of Old Broad Street, there is matter to enable us to judge of the relative state of the two countries, England and France. SEWELL and his crew talk of the *glories* of a long and triumphant conquest. SEWELL, JOHN REEVES, and Company, must certainly mean the *triumphs over France*. How often were we told that we had conquered France! How long did this lying press sing forth the conquest of France! I always said: *the battle is not over yet*. The cannon have ceased to fire; but we cannot tell who will be the victor, until the reckoning be paid. The *struggle* is not yet over. The French appear to have the worst of it at present; but we shall be presently called upon to pay for the means which we have employed to obtain this apparent victory; and when this *paying* begins, then the French will be-

gin to rise and we shall begin to fall. From this moment the French start on a career of prosperity; and we on a career of adversity. They will soon get rid of the tribute which we have imposed upon them by the means of our money; and then they will let us see what are the consequences of winning battles of Waterloo by hundreds of millions of debt.

This was the sort of language that I held, at the very time when the nation was drunk, in 1814 and 1815. And now then, my Lord, let us hear what the eloquent Mr. HOGGART has to say. "LANDS IN FRANCE.—To be LET by Mr. HOGGART, several farms, of from 60 acres to 500 acres, each at 12s. 6d. per acre, FREE of TITHES, TAXES, OR POOR RATES. These farms lie together, and are situated 78 miles south of Paris, on the great road leading to Lyons. A canal, communicating with the capital, passes through a part of the land, which is also bounded by the navigable river Loire, good dwelling and suitable out-offices on each farm, and there is an inexhaustible supply of rich marl, within a few feet of the surface. A proportion of pollards for fire-wood will be

"allotted. There is a flourishing HOP GARDEN on the estate, and NO DUTY attached to malting or brewing. For further particulars, apply to Mr. HOGGART, 62, Old Broad Street, Royal Exchange."

There, my Lord! Eloquent as you are, powerful as is your oratory, nothing that you ever uttered in your life; no, not that famous stern-path-of-duty speech of yours, when you congratulated their noble Lordships on the circumstance, that *Sidmouth's Power-of-Imprisonment Bill* had caused the Funds to rise; not even that famous speech; that humane, that envy of surrounding nations speech, that admiration of the world speech; not even that was of a thousandth, no, nor of a millionth part of the importance, which fairly belongs to this beautiful little epistle which Mr. HOGGART addresses to English Farmers, inviting them to quit the jolterheads, who rejoiced at the glories won at Waterloo, and who thought that they had clipped the wings of France for a century.

I said, a few Registers back, that if I were Minister of England and saw English farmers going to settle in France, I would cut my throat, notwithstanding the wretched Castlereagh cut his. He cut

his throat with as much dexterity as your executioner cut off the heads of the brave men on the scaffold opposite Newgate just after the present King came to the throne. Allowing Castlereagh to have been that sensible and just sort of fellow that you praise him for, you must allow that this cutting of his own throat was a very proper act. However, I am wandering here. What I meant to say was, that, if I were tempted to cut my own throat; if I felt disposed to do it, I should be the less inclined, and, indeed, should be likely to be deterred from doing it, when I recollected, that it would make me an imitator of your worthy colleague, who was made a Knight of the Garter along with you on account of your wonderful achievements in the *humbling and conquering of France*. This is what I meant to say about the throat-cutting of Castlereagh; but, reluctant as I should be to imitate that insane wretch; that wretched creature who went out of the world with a certificate of insanity under the hand of the Kentish Coroner; reluctant as I should be to imitate that miserable creature, imitate him I certainly should, cut my throat, hang myself, shoot myself, drown myself; get myself out of

the world by some means I certainly should, if I were a Minister of England, if I read the little epistle of Mr. HOGGART, if I knew it to speak of realities; and if I knew also that I had been, even in the slightest degree the author of the measures which had produced these realities.

Before I proceed to remark more closely upon the eloquent production of Mr. HOGGART, I cannot refrain from again advert- ing to the impudent humbug of this corrupt and villanous English press. The following paragraph has made the "*grand tour*," of the newspapers. "Dr. Clarke, the celebrated traveller, in the third part of his *Travels* just published, makes the following apostrophe to his native country:—" *Oh England! decent abode of comfort, and cleanliness, and decorum! Oh blessed asylum of all that is worth having upon earth!—Oh sanctuary of religion, and of liberty, for the whole civilized world!—It is only in viewing the state of other countries, that thy advantages can be duly estimated!—May thy sons, who have fought the good fight, but know and guard what they possess in thee!—Oh land of happy fire-sides, and cleanly*

"*hearths, and domestic peace; of filial piety, and parental love, and connubial joy; the cradle of heroes, the school of sages, the temple of law, the altar of faith, the asylum of innocence, the bulwark of private security and of public honour!*"

This wretched bombast comes, doubtless, from a fire-shovel gentleman. It is a Doctor; and I will engage it is of divinity. It is not Jephson, but Doctor Clarke. Happy fire-sides, indeed, where the wretched creatures sometimes lie stretched out to receive the extreme unction, having been brought to the point of death by that want of food which has been produced by "*over-production!*" Without noticing the humbug in all its ridiculous particulars, it is curious enough to observe, that, in the very newspaper from which I took this travelling paragraph, this circular tissue of lies, this perambulating imposture, there was, standing exactly opposite it in the adjoining column, the following striking instance of what passes, and is almost daily passing, in the "*Temple of the Law,*" as this impudent, this lying, this shameless author expresses himself. Here we have an instance of what passes in the "*Temple of the Law,*" in England, and

what is never heard of in America or in France. Mr. HOGGART, might, as I shall show by-and-by, have extended the argument relative to the advantages of quitting the jolterheads of England for the purpose of renting farms in France; but first, let me take this instance of the proceeding in the "*Temple of the Law.*" "SAMUEL VOKE, son of a respectable farmer, and about 23 years of age, was indicted at the same assizes, under Lord Ellenborough's Act, for maliciously shooting at Thomas Pearce, with intent to murder. Pearce, who is upwards of 60 years of age, stated, that in April last, in the evening, as he was riding near a preserve of Lord Gloucestonbury, in whose service he was a gamekeeper, he heard the report of a gun, and found the prisoner with one in his hand. The keeper told him he must go along with him. The prisoner assented, and the keeper rode before him, but had scarcely got 40 yards before he heard the report of a gun, and felt himself wounded in the back. The prisoner ran away, and he immediately pursued him, but feeling weak from the loss of blood, he desisted, and turned about, on his way home.

" After proceeding some distance
 " a gun was fired again, the con-
 " tents of which struck him on
 " the face, knocked out four or
 " five of his teeth, and entirely
 " deprived him of the sight of one
 " eye. He then with great diffi-
 " culty got home. The facts were
 " distinctly proved, and the jury
 " immediately returned a verdict of
 " *Guilty*.—The prisoner's Coun-
 " sel moved an arrest of judg-
 " ment, on an informality in the
 " indictment, upon which the
 " learned Judge said he would re-
 " serve the point for the Judges ;
 " but told the prisoner that al-
 " though the objection would *post-*
 " *pone his execution*, the best ad-
 " vice he could give him was to
 " *prepare for another world*. His
 " lordship concluded by *passing*
 " *sentence in the usual way*."

Thus, then, the son of a respect-
 able farmer is to be *hanged by the*
neck till he be dead, in virtue of
 laws passed for preserving the
 wild animals called game for the
 exclusive use and enjoyment of the
 aristocracy and the rest of the land-
 lords. Observe it is ELLENBO-
 ROUGH'S Act. It is not the old law
 of England. This law began only
 twenty years ago. It is ELLEN-
 ROUGH'S Act, in virtue of which
 this son of a farmer is to be
 hanged for lacerating and wound-

ing (not for killing) a gamekeeper,
 who had seized the farmer's son,
 who had made prisoner of a far-
 mer's son, because the farmer's
 son had a gun in his hand near
 the preserve of a lord ! This was
 at the Somerset Assizes the other
 day, before what Judge I do not
 gather from the paragraph ; and,
 indeed, it does not signify, though
 I shall be glad if some correspond-
 ent would inform me who the
 Judge was. The fact is plain
 enough. Here is a farmer's son
 to be hanged for wounding a
 gamekeeper, who had seized him,
 and *for what ?* Why, because he
 had a gun in his hand *near a pre-*
serve, of Lord Glastonbury ! This
 farmer's son is to be hanged for
 this ; and is it not good for farmers
 to know, then, that, in consequence
 of the wisdom and courage and
 perseverance of the brave people
 of France, there is a country to
 which any man may go in a few
 hours and in which he may have
 a gun in his hand, in any fields or
 any coppices or any woods, and
 defend himself against any game-
 keeper, not only without being
 hanged, but without injury or risk
 to a single hair of his head ; a
 country, too, four times as big as
 England, and still more abundant
 in game, after all the laws that
 have been passed to preserve it

here, and after the abolition of all such laws in France.

Mr. HOGGART overlooked this capital circumstance; and he overlooked another or two which I shall presently notice. However, what does Mr. HOGGART say in plain English? He addresses himself to English farmers. To such men as rent lands of, or in the neighbourhood of, such men as ASHTON SMITH, LORD PALMERSTON, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, LORD GLASTONBURY (another GRENVILLE) and the like. He addresses himself to these farmers, and he says, My countrymen, come to me! Come, you wretched devils, who are writhing under the tithes, the taxes, the county-rates and the poor-rates! Come, wretched men, who are now sinking down into the lowest state of poverty, you, who are about to pass from your farm-houses into the workhouse; you, who are rack-rented, and, compelled at the same time, to contribute towards the enormous sum of sixty millions a-year to be distributed amongst Jews and Jobbers, amongst sinecure placemen, women and children; amongst whole swarms of dead-weight men, their widows and children; even though the widows marry again; amongst parsons, their wives and children, over and

above what they receive in tithes.

Amongst a swarm of tax-gatherers hardly exceeded in number by that other numerous body of gentlemen, dressed in pretty clothes, and employed to uphold social order and our holy religion; Come, wretched men, and I will relieve you from all your burdens. I have some excellent land, and that land is free of all taxes. Wretched men, it is to France I invite you to go. Wretched Sussex Farmer, who pays much more in rates than in rent, leaving taxes and tithe on one side! Wretched Sussex Farmer, do you start at the idea of going to France? Should you start at the idea of going to Northamptonshire? It is not half the distance to my farms in France, and the journey not a fourth part so expensive. Wretched Sussex Farmer, you, who have often to go to gaol for want of means to pay your hop-duty, I have a hop-garden to let; and I have none of those Exeismen, Supervisors, Commissioners, and other masters, before whom you have to bend, to torment you upon my estate, for, be it known to you, Sussex Farmer, that it is in what Dr. Clarke calls the "abode of comfort," the "blessed asylum," the "sanctuary of liberty," the "school of sages," the "temple

of the law," the "*bulwark of private security*;" be it known to you that it is on this blessed spot only, on this envy of surrounding nations and admiration of the world, that Hop-duty, Excisemen, Supervisors, Commissioners, and that famous "*Sanctuary of Liberty*," commonly called the *Exchequer*, are known any thing of. It is in this "*abode of comfort*," and in this "*abode of comfort*" only, where a man, for sticking up some poles to the hop-bines that come naturally up through the hedge of his garden, gathering the hops when ripe, and using them in the making of beer for himself and his family to drink, it is in this "*abode of comfort*," and this "*abode of comfort*" only, where a man, for such an act, can be fined, imprisoned, and kept in a goal till he rot. I, wretched Sussex Farmer, have a hop garden to let sheltered from all intrusion from the tax-gatherer. No hop duty is there on my farms; and, which is of a million times more importance, your own barley you may turn into malt, and every body may turn malt and hops into beer, without the smallest interference of any agent of the Government. Wretched Sussex Farmer, do you not wish to be free from the Parson, the Tax-

gatherer, the Pauper, the County Treasurer, the Excisemen, the Supervisor, the penalty-inflicting Justice, and the Exchequer: do you not wish to be free from these? If you do, come to Broad Street, No. 62: If you do not, stay where you are, till you receive the extreme unction or the halter.

Mr. HOGGART writes in a brief and pithy style; but his epistle being fairly interpreted, this is what Mr. HOGGART says to the Farmers of England. He might, however, have gone a good deal further; for he might have told them of the unlimited licence as to the killing of game, upon lands occupied by themselves, or upon any other lands with leave of the occupier, the aristocratical distinction of qualification being, in happy France, wholly unknown. Besides this, Mr. HOGGART might have told them, that in France, the roads are better than in England, and that the farmers are not taxed for the repairing of those roads, and that that odious, that partial, that execrable badge of slavery, called *Turnpike-toll*, is unknown in free and regenerated France. I do not mean the SUNDAY TOLL, that unequivocal proof of the beauty of Dr. Clarke's temple of the law. Here is a matter which admits of no disguise and

no palliation. It is notorious that the aristocracy can ride out and go along the roads on all the days of the week. It is notorious that farmers and tradesmen in general can find time to do this *only on Sundays*; and it is notorious that on Sundays, you are compelled to pay twice as much toll as on the week days. This, Mr. Hoggart might have mentioned; and he might have said, that you may travel from one end of France to the other without being stopped by any brutal blackguard jack-in-office demanding money from you for permission to go along the road. These turnpike trust people are in fact a branch of the THING. They all cling to the thing. Only think, that I must pay *five pence* for permission to ride my horse along the road from Kensington to Hammersmith, a distance of not more than a mile. When I look round me, what a trap I see myself in! In every direction there are turnpike-gates three or four deep; and I must stand and deliver three or four times before I can get as many miles from my dwelling. This disgraceful curse is wholly unknown in France, where the poor man with his cart is not compelled to pay a penalty for not having broad wheels in order to make a smooth road for

the rich man to ride upon with narrow wheels. These are things which are known only in the "*abode of comfort*," the "*blessed asylum*," the "*land of happy fire-sides*," the "*Temple of the Law*," and the "*bulwark of private security*!" Dr. CLARKE forgot, the *land of humbug*, and of *cold potatoes*, which the then Sheriff of Somersetshire told the Agricultural Committee that the labourers took to the field with them for want of bread and meat. Well, then, Dr. Clarke, let it be, in your next edition, *land of comfort and of cold potatoes, happy fire-sides and extreme unction*, "*Temple of the Law* and hanging a farmer's son "for wounding a gamekeeper that "had made him a prisoner for being near a preserve with a gun "in his hand;" or, in shorter words, "*Temple of the Law*, and "*hanging men for resisting game-keepers*;" and then conclude with, "*Bulwark of private security*" and What? Penalty for sticking poles "*to the hops in your garden hedge, and gathering them for use without the permission of the Excise-man*."

But, let us quit the Doctor; not however without observing, that when he was talking about the "*temple of the law*," and the

"*sanctuary of religion*," he seems to have forgotten to produce as striking instances of his assertions, the circumstances relating to the affairs of FATHER IN GOD JOCELYN and JOHN MOVELLEY, and of DR. JEPHSON and the GRAVEL-DIGGER. It was a pity that Dr. Clarke omitted to make particular allusion to these, when he was talking of the altar of faith and the asylum of innocence. However, we will quit Dr. Clarke for the time, and return to the eloquent Mr. HOGGART. Mr. HOGGART lives in Broad-street, Royal Exchange. Mr. Hoggart is, I dare say, a very loyal man, a great enemy of Radicals and Jacobins, immovably attached to the Government; and thinks, I dare say, that the funding system is, to use the words of the pensioned hack Burke, a sublime monument of human wisdom. Yet nothing has been published for a long while to give me so much pleasure as this pretty little epistle of Mr. Hoggart. That which gives me pleasure is not very likely to be favourable to the system to which Mr. Hoggart himself is, I dare say, so much attached; but, though I like Mr. HOGGART's eloquent production for many reasons, I like it so much for no other reason as for this: that it is a direct blow at those jolterheads who shouted their applause at all the acts of Sidmouth and Castle-reagh, and who chuckled with delight till the water ran out of their mouths at the passing of the Power-of-Imprisonment Bill in 1817; at the issuing of Sidmouth's Circular; at the execution of BRANDRETH TURNER and LUDLAM in 1818; at the Manchester affair, and at the passing of the Six-Acts in 1819; and at the execution of Mr. Thistlewood and his associates in 1820; because it is a direct blow into the bowels of those jolterheads who thought that the reformers were crushed for ever, and who were so indecent in their expressions of joy upon the occasion. I know well how Mr. HOGGART's epistle will work. I know how many scores and hundreds of tenants it will induce to set their landlords at defiance; and I know what pleasure it must give to every man who wishes to see justice take place.

But, my Lord, let us take another view of this matter: let us look back a little; for here it is that the subject becomes truly interesting. This is a thing ENTIRELY NEW, at any rate. You will say, that, though Mr. HOGGART asks English farmers to go and settle in France, we have

no proof that they will do it. This is very true; but the fact is that they have done it already; that they have been doing it a long while; and that Mr. HOGGART'S epistle is a *consequence* rather than a cause. It is put forth because there are already numerous farmers settled in France. Two years ago I mentioned some English or Scotch farmers being settled on the banks of the Loire. In a Register of about a month ago I mentioned two farmers, whom I had seen, and who had been to France, in order to take a look at the thing, preparatory, very likely, to migrating themselves with their families. Mr. HOGGART'S epistle has not, then, arisen purely out of that eloquent gentleman's mind; but has been suggested to him by his principals, who are landlords in France, and who have thought of getting English tenants, because they see other landlords who already have English tenants. This is the true state of the case; and therefore what we have now to do is, for mine and for your Lordship's amusement, to inquire a little, first into the causes and then into the probable consequences of this transfer of farmers from England to France.

How often, my Lord, was it told you, from the year 1793, to

the year 1803; how often was it told you during those ten years, by PAINE, by MACKINTOSH (aye, by *Sir Jamie!*) by GILBERT WAKEFIELD, by DAVID WILLIAMS, and by many many others; how often were you told during those ten years, that the real object of the expensive and bloody war was, that the principal object of it was to prevent the people of France from being in such a state as to enable them to *taunt the people of England*, to say to them, shame for you, to bend your necks down, to groan along under tithes, taxes, rates, hop-duty, malt-duty, beer-duty, game-laws, road corveés, turnpikes, shame for you to groan along under all these, while we are free from them all. It was easy to see, that, if the people of France could, with truth, hold language like this to the people of England, a *radical change must take place*. This it was easy to see; and therefore the principal object of the war was, as you and the Pitt crew were told for ten long years, to prevent the people of France from being so situated as to hold to the people of England language like this. Peace was made at the end of those ten years. Some good hearty drubbings given by the people of France to your allies, produced peace in 1801.

It was soon found, however: and now mark this, I beseech you, and if you do not, I beg the public to mark it: it was soon found, however: the great Doctor, then at the head of affairs, soon found, that we must go to war again; and being asked, afterwards, *why* we were at war again, his memorable, his immortal answer was: "*We are at war because we cannot be at peace.*"

And *why* could we not be at peace? This question was frequently put to the Doctor, but he never answered. The truth was, that you could not be at peace; because the people of France were in a situation to hold to the people of England the language above-mentioned. Napoleon committed no act of aggression against you. He never broke the peace; but the French people were so well off, and the fact was becoming so manifest to the people of England; and Napoleon had such power over your funds; that you were compelled to rush into war, in order to avoid the terrors of peace. What your hopes could have been at that time I know not: perhaps you had no hopes at all; and that you rushed into war merely to get out of the dangers of peace.

You escaped the dangers of peace *for that time*; and, in your new war you succeeded in bringing down Napoleon. You succeeded in restoring the Bourbons. But you did not succeed in your grand object; namely, in placing the people of France in such a situation as for them not to be able to taunt the people of England, and to show them what benefits the people of France had derived from a Revolution, which had broken up an Established Church, and which had made, in a great measure, a new distribution of property, and which had, above all things, destroyed those bands of taxgatherers and sinecure placemen and meritless pensioners, which are, to a country, what moths are to a garment. The grand object of the war, was, therefore, not answered; and the revival of the war, though it finally put down Napoleon and restored the Bourbons, made your case still worse. The peace of 1815 found you in an infinitely worse state than the peace of 1801. The last twelve years of war, which the parsons say gained you so much glory, which JOHN REEVES and SIR JOHN SEWELL say, covered us with the glories of a long and triumphant conquest; this war, though it ended

by putting down Napoleon and restoring the Bourbons, added four hundred millions to your Jew and Jobber Debt, a hundred millions to the Dead-weight Debt, and a hundred millions to the Pauper Debt. These debts, or rather the means which caused these debts to be contracted, enabled you to put in motion every man-slaver in Europe, a portion of the French excepted. Your *boast* was, that you had all the rest of Europe armed and ready to march against one half of France. This was not only your boast, but these were your very words in which you made the boast. This was true enough; but these bayonets cost six hundred millions. These bayonets, these Russians, Prussians, Austrians, Bavarians, Hungarians, Turks, Dutchmen, Hanoverians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Danes, Swedes, Switzers, and God knows who and what besides. These gentlemen, together with other things employed in the war, caused a debt of six hundred millions; and you are worse off by just this little sum than you were in the year 1803, when you were at war *because you could not be at peace!* To be sure, there was in the case of 1815, the name of victory; the name of triumph; and names do a great deal, for a

time; but, in the end, things prevail over names.

The restoration of the Bourbons was, in the minds of the far greater part of the English people, equivalent to a restoration of all the abuses, corruptions, tyrannies and villanies of the old government of France. It seemed to be a *coming back*. It was the same family that was going to reign. This was the only fact that the people of England troubled themselves about. It was the same family that was now to reign, and people thought, without reflecting at all upon the subject, that it was going to be the *same government* as formerly. This notion was, too, inculcated constantly by our at once corrupt and stupid press; one part of which reviled the Bourbons, as having brought back the old government, and the other part of which praised them for the same thing. The truth was, however, that the family was restored, but *not the government*; nor, truly speaking, any part of the government. Napoleon was in a much fairer way of restoring the ancient government. He brought back the Catholic religion; he reconciled the church of France to the Pope; and therefore, with the Bourbons there came back no part of the old government,

except the mere empty act of destroying the titles of the ancient nobility; and that was only finishing a thing which Napoleon had begun. Immense have been the gains of the French people by the Revolution. What, indeed, have they not gained? They have got rid of that most odious and dreadful tyranny called the feudal system, which made them slaves nearly as degraded as the blacks under those lovers of liberty the free republicans in the Southern States of America. They got rid of Tithes. They got rid of Church Lands and all their influence; they got rid of the murdering Game Laws; they got rid of those hellish oppressions, which, under the Excise Laws, were exercised with such unrelenting rigour. In short, they won their freedom, and they are now as free, as to all really useful purposes, as the people in the United States of America. Each man enjoys the fruit of his own industry and skill. The people of France are not divided into two classes; one, a gang of slaves, and of ragged half-starved slaves too, labouring incessantly to keep a gang of idlers, peculators, jobbers, and all sorts of vile vermin in idleness.

Therefore, my good Lord, your

last war, though of twelve years duration, with the addition of six hundred millions to your debt, did not answer your purpose; it did not reduce the people of France to a state of misery; it did not restore the old government; it did not re-enslave the people; it did not place them in a situation to make their conduct an example for the people of England to shun; it did not make the situation of France such as to make the people of England afraid of making a revolution; but on the contrary, it left them in a situation to say to the people of England, "What miserable dogs you are compared with us, whom you boasted a few years ago of having conquered."

The French, however, are a polite people: they are not "coarse," like me; and therefore, their secretary, Mr. HOGGART, does not reproach us with our vain boasting; does not tell us what our state is; but proceeds in the negative to tell us what the French are not; to tell us how well they are off by enumerating some of the principal curses that afflict us, and saying that the French are not cursed in this manner. Mr. HOGGART unquestionably addresses himself to English Farmers.—Loyal man as he is, he will not

deny that. There was a time when that which he tells to English farmers would have been deemed seditious. I was put into gaol for two years, had a thousand pounds to pay in fine to the good old King, and, besides this, BAILEY and the other three held me in bonds for seven years. My offence was very much of the character of this writing of Mr. HOGGART. It jeered John Bull a little. It joked him a little upon his liberty. It laughed a little at Englishmen being flogged in Dr. Clarke's "*sanctuary of liberty*;" it laughed a little at their being flogged in Dr. Clarke's "*cradle of heroes*" and "*temple of the law*;" it laughed a little at John Bull's being flogged in his own "*land of happy fire-sides*," and under a guard of German bayonets. And what does Mr. Hoggart do? He does not, certainly, say that English farmers are a set of asses staggering along under burdens that make them tremble: He does not say, in so many words, any thing against our "*happy constitution in Church and State*." He does not make a direct attack upon our happy form of government, and upon that constitution which BOB SHEDDEN, the GREAT CAPTAIN, JOHN REEVES, and the REVEREND THOMAS JERSON, de-

clare to be the envy and admiration of the world. Mr. HOGGART does not directly attack this happy Constitution; but he does it in an indirect manner. I shall be told perhaps, that Mr. HOGGART has a right to say what he pleases in praise of the farms that he has to let; and to describe all the advantages which they enjoy. Yes; but he must take care not to insinuate any thing to the disadvantage of our happy Constitution. I wish to do nothing ill-natured towards Mr. HOGGART; but, I must say, that I wish him to reflect how far this eloquent epistle of his is consistent with his duty as a good and peaceable subject of His Majesty. Our paternal Government passed some laws called Six Acts. According to these, any one who shall publish any thing having a tendency to bring the Royal Family, or either House of Parliament, or any part of the Government into hatred or contempt; the words are, "tending to bring into hatred or contempt the person of His Majesty, his heirs or successors, or the Regent, or the Government and Constitution of the United Kingdom as by law established; if any person shall, after being convicted, offend a second time, he shall either

“suffer such punishment as may
 “now by law be inflicted in case
 “of high misdemeanors, or be
 “banished from the United King-
 “dom and all other parts of His
 “Majesty’s dominions for such
 “term of years as the Court shall
 “order.” These are the words,
 Mr. Hoggart; and I would have
 you, Sir, look well at them. You
 do not say, indeed, that English-
 men are slaves; but you say that
 the French are free; and then
 you go on to say what their free-
 dom consists of, and to tell us that
 it consists of the entire absence of
 a great many things which you
 know well Englishmen are com-
 pelled to submit to for the good
 of their country, of their beloved
 Sovereign, and of their own pre-
 cious souls. You have said
nothing against the Royal Family,
 the Government and Constitution,
 or the Parliament! Oh! you have
 not! We will see that presently.
 Suppose I were to meet in the
 street a man that squinted, and to
 begin addressing myself to the
 women going by, thus, Come, my
 dear, stop and listen to me; I
 am free from all squinting; but,
 suppose I were to address myself
 in the same manner to a lass that
 I found sitting upon the knee of a
 squinter. Would not he soon
 make me squint, think you? Would

not he soon pretty nearly knock
 my eyes out, if he were able?
 Would he not say, and would he
 not say it with truth, that I in-
 tended, or, at any rate, that my
 words had a tendency, to bring
 him into *hatred* and *contempt*?
 Let us have no shuffling here, Mr.
 HOGGART; and, if you scorn to
 shuffle, can you deny, that your
 publication has a similar ten-
 dency with regard to the Govern-
 ment, Parliament, Royal Family
 and all.

You address yourself to *English
 Farmers*. It is impossible to pre-
 tend that you address yourself to
 any body else. You address your-
 self, then, to English Farmers.
 It is perfectly notorious; it is as
 well known as that the *Wen* is in
 England, and that it contains a
 crew of atrocious villains called
 stock-jobbers, as well known as
 these things is the fact, that the
 Farmers in England are most fu-
 riously squeezed by tithes, taxes,
 rates, hop-duty, malt-duty, and
 beer-duty. Now, this is notorious;
 and what do you do? Why, you
 come out in a little pithy epistle;
 you tell these same farmers that
 the people of France, or, rather,
 that the lands of France, are
 FREE (mark the word!); that the
 lands of France are free of tithe,
 taxes, and rates; that there is no

duty upon hops, and no tax imposed upon malting or brewing.

Now, Sir, what impression must this have upon the mind of the English farmer. Why, first he reflects on the enviable situation of the French farmer. He soon runs over in his mind the mighty advantages of this **REAL FREEDOM**. Oh, God! says he, if I were free from taxes, tithes, rates, hop-duty, beer-duty, malt-duty; if I were free, miserable wretch that I am; if I, like the happy French farmer, had no parson, no tax-gatherer, no overseer, to beat up my quarters, take away my crops, or distrain upon my goods; if I had no exciseman to rummage about my buildings after smuggled hops, barley, or beer: Oh! God, if I were but free as those French farmers are! Then he begins to reflect on the **CAUSE** of his tithes, taxes, rates, hop-duty, malt-duty, and beer-duty. He does not go far here with his reflections. He soon finds out that he owes all these burdens and trammels to **ACTS OF PARLIAMENT!** Does Mr. HOGGART want more! He may pretend that he did not *mean* to publish any thing tending to bring either House of Parliament into contempt; he may pretend this; and, indeed, he may be sincere;

but, a judge would tell the jury, that they are not to ask of him what his *meaning* and *intention* were; but to ask of the epistle itself. A judge would tell a jury, that the intention is to be gathered from the words; and that, if the words have a tendency to bring the Government or either House of Parliament into contempt, the thing is a seditious libel.

Be, however, the *law* what it may, with regard to Mr. HOGGART'S publication, say the law what it pleases of its tendency, I have no scruple to declare that this publication of Mr. HOGGART is a better and more efficient stroke at the **THING** than any that I have seen for a long time. As I observed before, my Lord, the project was, to make France an example to shun; an object of compassion with just men, and an object of ridicule, reproach and contempt, with the friends of tyranny. The object has not been accomplished. France presents no example to shun; but, on the contrary, a glorious proof of the effects of reform. This advertisement of Mr. HOGGART will do prodigious good in England. It is short; but it is full of weighty matter. It does not convey the speculations of a politician; but the matter of fact

statements of a man of business. It must be singular if the land be not pretty good if it lie on the banks of the Loire; if it be near a canal; if a canal pass through part of it; if it be less than four score miles from Paris. If there be a hop-garden on the estate: if all these be facts, and facts they most likely are; if all these be facts, it must be strange indeed if these farms do not consist of good land. If, then, this land, free from tithes and all the other burdens above-mentioned; if this land can be had for twelve shillings and sixpence an acre; and it is very probable that it may in fact be had for two-thirds of that money; however, suppose the rent to be 12s. 6d. an acre; if such land can be had at that price, free from all the terrible burdens mentioned, how can *any* arable land be worth any rent at all in England? I ask how any arable land can be worth any thing at all. The tithe cannot be estimated at less than four shillings an acre. In many instances the rates in England are equal in amount to the rent; but suppose them to be five shillings to the acre. The direct taxes upon windows, riding-horse, dog, will not be less than sixpence an acre; and, indeed, not less than a shilling; but, let it be sixpence.

What then is the malt and hop duty necessary to a farm of a hundred acres? Can they be less than another sixpence an acre, even for miserable small beer? The turnpike expenses, and charges for duty on the highway amount to something considerable in the course of a year; and, in short, those charges from which this land in France is wholly free, exceed the whole amount of the rent of the land in France. I say nothing of the game-laws, and of the endless list of oppressions that arise out of them. I leave these to be considered as merely fanciful evils, and confine myself to the clear and indubitable matters of pounds, shillings, and pence.

It is very well for sinecure placemen and pensioners; it is very well for the satraps of borough-mongers; it is very well for the heroes of the dead-weight, whose widows and children are to be pensioned after them, and whose widows are to have the pensions continued though they marry again; it is particularly becoming the scarlet and the blue and buff gentlemen, who, after having, in the capacity of officers, thundered at the French from the cannon's mouth, are now thundering at the devil from the pulpit, and receiving pay in both services at once;

it is mighty well for all these to talk bigly about their love for, and attachment to, Old England and the dear little Island, which is a dear little Island indeed to them, and to the Jews and Jobbers who are sucking away the blood of the labouring classes: it is mighty well for all these to rail against those who quit their native country to carry their capital and industry to France; but, this dear little Island, is not a place quite so dear to the man who, in spite of all his incessant exertions, finds himself daily and hourly sinking into poverty, and has no prospect before him but that of laudanum, a pistol, or the poor-house. To such a man Mr. HOGGART offers a paradise. It is something, to be sure, to quit the society of friends; but what will become of the society of friends when the man is in the poor-house? Where will be the blessings of neighbourhood and relationship, when ruin has totally scattered the family and made them the servants of Jews, Jobbers, Dead-Weight people, sinecure placemen and pensioners and other tax-eaters? If I am to have my choice of having my family scattered in this manner in England, and seeing myself and them the slaves of tax-eaters, or of carrying the remnant of my property and to farm with

it in France, can I hesitate one moment; and do I not deserve the worst of slavery if I remain?

Do I WISH, then, that the farmers of England should carry away their capital and their skill to add to the riches and the power of France? Oh, no; by no means. In my wishes there is no power. If there were they would cause such a change in England, as would completely prevent the publication of epistles like that of Mr. HOGGART. My wishes, if they could be accomplished, would enable landlords in England to let good land at 12s. 6d. an acre, and enable farmers to live well upon farms so rented. My wishes would leave the French nothing to brag of. Mr. Hoggart should not have to laugh at the tithe-payers, the tax-payers, the hop-duty and malt-duty and beer-duty payers of England; and, as to the rates, there should be very few paupers to receive them.

Here we are, however, my Lord, bound down by the very measures, of which you have been boasting. You thought you had us down for ever when your brother Knight of the Garter, Castlereagh, came home from France. You congratulated yourselves on the success of your enormous expenditure. The jolterheads cheered

you amain. The air rang with your shouting. But, here we are, standing with our arms folded up, while those whom we pretended to have conquered are actually conquering the country of our friends and allies, and are, at the same time, so well off at home, that they write to us and say, leave that government, quit that state of taxation and ruin; come hither, you unrevolutionized Englishmen; come hither, you who have contracted nine hundred millions of debt in order to re-enslave us, come here and partake of the freedom and the happiness we enjoy!

This is, in fact, the language of the epistle of Mr. Hoggart; and it is impossible to blame any man for availing himself of the offers of Mr. HOGGART. In my Leave-taking Address, published just after your Lordship made your stern-path-of-duty speech, I said that the farmers would and must quit the country. Great numbers have gone to America. France is nearer, the climate more mild, and, as we now begin to understand what the state of France really is, great numbers will soon go to France. As to our villanous newspapers, what they say is never worth a straw with any man of sense. Mr. HOGGART's epistle

is worth ten million of their paragraphs and of their letters from pretended correspondents at Paris. None of them have told us anything true relative to the situation of the people of France. They have dealt out to us the gossip of SIR ROBERT WILSON, Mr. BOWRING, and other sons of chat; but never have they told us any thing to account for the wonderful harmony which prevails in France and for the absence of all complaining and petitioning.

My readers, my Lord, would, I am sure, be very much gratified *if I would go and take a ride in France*. I should like it very much too, for I am never fond of hearsay. I like to see the thing myself. This, however, is what I cannot conveniently do in the present case; but I will *send somebody to take a ride in France*; and I will know, and the public shall know, all about the matter. It is not the *price of Stocks*, nor any circumstances connected with the gamble, by which we are to judge of the state of a people and of the capacity of a nation for war-like enterprises. See how this nation is crippled at this moment. See how it is humbled! How it is fallen. To discover the causes of this rapid fall, and to devise means of restoration, these are

the business of a statesman, to make the matters connected with these great objects ; to make these matters plain to the country, and to rally some part, at least, of the people around me, is my business. I shall, in pursuit of this object, neglect nothing that I can perform ; and it is my intention to send some one of my sons to see with his own eyes the difference between the situation of France and of England, and particularly in as far as relates to matters connected with agriculture. He will send us an account of the crops, of the prices of corn, meat, lamb, and labour. He will enable us to judge of the effects of that government which our newspapers ; our stupid newspapers have been representing as a tyranny. Nothing could please our Borough-mongers better than to see the people of France miserable ; and how astonishing is it, then, that those who profess enmity to those Borough-mongers should lie through thick and thin in order to cause to be believed that which those Borough-mongers must wish to be believed.

When we get our authentic intelligence from France, the lies of the gossips will soon be dissipated. I hear of some, who, such lovers are they of "*liberty*"

find great fault with me for what they call espousing the cause of the Bourbons. I espouse the cause of no Bourbons : I espouse the cause of an absence of tithes, taxes, rates, paupers, hop-duty, malt-duty, and beer-duty. This is the cause that I espouse ; and I from the bottom of my heart despise the man who does not prefer a Bourbon government with the absence of these to any government on earth with the presence of them. Take away the tithes, apply the church and crown lands to the public use, abolish the excise and let every man brew and make soap and candles as he pleases, abolish the game laws ; down with the turnpike-gates and let the roads be better than they now are ; let property be secure and fairly distributed ; let labour and skill have their due reward ; and let the swarms of jews and jobbers be swept from the face of the earth : let these things be, and what do I want more ? For what do I want a reform, but to cause these things to take place ? And, seeing that all these things have taken place in France ; seeing that the people of that country are enjoying the benefit of the change, must I not be inconsistency itself if I were to rail against the go-

vernment that secures the people in the enjoyment of these blessings !

I have now done with my subject for the present ; but, before I conclude my letter, I will notify that I, next week, mean to pay off a long score which I have suffered to run up with the traders of the London press. They go on repeating regularly and steadily that *my prophecies have been falsified*. Time is with me, and I shall beat the bush-fighting vagabonds in the end ; but I must not suffer them to get too far a head with the score ; and therefore, I shall in my next, prove that my grand and specific prophecy respecting Peel's Bill has been completely fulfilled. I shall prove this beyond all contradiction, and the truth is, that I have, until now, wanted the materials for so doing. I will now, however, do it effectually ; and as to the other parts of the prophecies ; as to all those which relate to the Farmers and the Landlords, we go on towards their fulfilment as regularly as we approach the last day of the year.

I am, your Lordship's

Most obedient

Humble servant,

WM. COBBETT.

THE STRAW-WORK.

THE following will be called a PUFF : never mind, so long as it be not a " Puff-out !" The truth is, however, that I insert it, in the first place, in order to show, that my straw project is in a fair way of succeeding much sooner than I ever expected. Another reason for inserting it is, to do justice to the Editor of the *Hampshire County Newspaper*, from whose publication I extract it. It is quite certain now that this great branch of National Industry will flourish, and to the unequivocal benefit of the Nation at large. It is also certain, that it will be impossible to deny, that to me, principally, at least, the merit of the useful discovery belongs ; but, notwithstanding these manifest truths, I am not a little pleased to perceive a readiness in the Hampshire Editor to do justice in this case. Let us hope that this is the dawn of a disposition to produce reconciliation with me by a gentle and just course. And, indeed, it does seem to be time to try this course, seeing that twenty years of virulence and calumny vomited forth against me have produced no

effect, other than that of annoyance, mortification and peril to the calumniators. This is a long preface to a paragraph; but those readers who are my friends will not think it uncalled for; and as to those that are my enemies, I dare say, that which others think, in such a case; namely, the Devil take them and their envy.

"*British Straw Plait*.—The following passage from Cobbett's "*Weekly Register*, published this day, is worthy of attention:—

"I was very much pleased with what I saw at Durley, which is about two miles from Botley, and is certainly one of the most obscure villages in this whole kingdom. Mrs. Mears, the farmer's wife, had made of the crested dog's tail grass, a bonnet which she wears herself. I saw the girls mentioned in the farmer's letter to me, plaiting the straw. They had made plait of several degrees of fineness; and, they sell it to some person or persons at Fareham, who, I suppose, make it into bonnets. Mrs. Mears, who is a very intelligent and clever woman, has two girls at work, each of whom earns per week as much (within a shilling) as her father, who is a labouring man, earns per week. The father has at this time only 7s. a week. These two girls (and not very stout girls) earn six shillings a week each: thus, the income of this family is, from seven shilling a week, raised to nineteen shillings a week. I shall suppose that this may in some measure be owing to the generosity of ladies in the neighbourhood, and to their desire to promote this domestic manufacture; but, if I suppose that these girls receive double compared to what they will receive for the same quantity of labour when the manufacture becomes more general, is it not a great thing to make the income of the family thirteen shillings a week instead of seven? Very little indeed could these poor things have done in the field during

the last forty days. And, besides, how clean—how healthful—how every thing that one could wish, is this sort of employment! The farmer, who is also a very intelligent person, told me, that he should endeavour to introduce the manufacture as a thing to assist the obtaining of employment, in order to lessen the amount of the poor-rates. I think it very likely that this will be done in the parish of Durley. A most important matter it is, to put paupers in the way of ceasing to be paupers."

"To Mr. Cobbett certainly belongs the sole merit of this useful discovery, which, if properly encouraged, is calculated to produce most beneficial results. We have seen a specimen of this plait, which appeared to equal that of foreign importation. In a matter of this kind, however, we do not presume to put our judgment in competition with that of our fair countrywomen; but we fervently hope that the period is not far distant when the general adoption of these bonnets, and consequent encouragement of British industry, shall totally exclude from our markets the plait imported from Leghorn."

Thus far, the Hampshire paper. I read in the Morning Chronicle of the other day, a paragraph stating, that the overseers of the poor of Bury St. Edmunds (the capital of Suffolk) are about to set to this straw-work the women and children who apply for parochial relief. This is wise and just, and humane.—It will soon

be the fashion for women who *keep schools* to put into their card, containing a list of the things they teach, the art of platting and knitting straw. This is already the case in several places. And most assuredly, every father or mother, below the rank of lord and lady, and of wealth less than that of some execrable jew or stock-jobber; most assuredly every parent in the middle or labouring class of life will not now send a daughter to any school where these things are not taught. The owners and occupiers of the land are deeply interested in this matter. They should see, that the village school-mistresses be such as can teach these useful things. If they cannot find these teachers in their parishes, they will easily get them from Hertfordshire or Bedfordshire.—Since my last article upon this subject, Miss LUCY HOLLOWELL, whose excellent example was mentioned in my Register of the 9th of August, and, indeed, whose letter was then inserted in page 370: the meritorious little girl, who is the daughter of a cabinet-maker, at a village called Neithrope, near Banbury in Oxfordshire, is only twenty years of age, and, like Miss WOODHOUSE, when she sent her bonnet to the Society of Arts, is

not yet married; but, like Miss WOODHOUSE, too, she, I dare say, very soon will. This young woman came to London about ten days ago, with a bonnet of her own make upon her head, and with another, which I understand, she has deposited, at the place of exhibition at the Society of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce. She cut and bleached the grass (crested dogs' tail), according to my instructions; she discovered of herself the mode of knitting the plat together. Her first bonnet she sold to a lady at Banbury, a second she had on her head, a third she had sold to another lady, and the fourth, she had brought up to London to be deposited as above-mentioned. Nothing can be more meritorious than this. I repent most sincerely of what I said; in paragraph 234 of Cottage Economy. How could I suspect the industry, the ingenuity, the good sense and public spirit of the women of England! How could I say, "shall we be compelled to send young fellows to Italy and Connecticut, to fetch us Italians and Yankees, to carry on this work of knitting together plat made of English straw?" How could I forget myself so far as to exclaim, am I to have the cruel mortification of

“hearing one single English woman express a doubt of her being able to do that which a Yankee Farmer’s daughter has done?”—I beg pardon: not on my knees; but really and sincerely I beg pardon of all the women of England for having appeared to entertain such apprehensions. If I had really entertained them, here they would at once have been banished by this meritorious little girl of Oxfordshire.—I hear (and the reader will judge with what pleasure I hear it), that, notwithstanding all the perverseness of St. Swithin, a vast quantity of the Cobbett plat is already as they call it in the market. I continue to believe that next year very little indeed of importation will take place from Leghorn; and I am certain, that in a very few years, our *exportation* of this article will exceed in amount that of the importation of last year. I shall, in due time give full instructions for the sowing of wheat, in order to obtain straw. There is now in hands a bonnet making of English wheat straw, pulled up after the Italian manner and bleached by me this year, in spite of St. Swithin. I have already exhibited a specimen of English wheat straw by the side of a specimen of Italian straw. The importers of Leg-

horn, pretended still to doubt; but will they doubt, when they see the plat and the bonnet, made of English wheat straw; and that cannot by any human being be distinguished by the Italian? Yes! doubt *they* will, to be sure: but those who have to wear and to buy the bonnets will have no doubt at all.

YEAR’S RESIDENCE IN AMERICA.

THE following is taken from the Norwich Gazette of the 16th instant:

A CHALLENGE!

“William Withers, jun. has now a piece of SWEDISH TURNIPS, containing about two acres, part transplanted and part sown upon ridges *upwards of three feet apart*, and treated according to the plan recommended by Mr. Cobbett in his “Year’s Residence in America,” which Mr. Withers offers to shew at this time, or to weigh in November, for a RUMP AND DOZEN, against any piece of Swedes of the same extent (sown broad-

" cast or upon the Northumber-
 " land plan), in the county of
 " Norfolk.—Gentlemen travelling
 " on the Cromer road from Holt
 " are invited to inspect this piece
 " of Turnips. It lays a short dis-
 " tance from the road, down a
 " drift-way, on the east side of a
 " plantation belonging to William
 " Hardy, Esq.—*Holt*, Aug. 14,
 " 1823."

And I challenge Mr. WITHERS.
 He is not a true disciple. My
 distance is four feet; and he talks
 of *upwards of three feet*. I do
 not stand any deviations from
 precept. Four feet is the true
 distance. There is a piece of
 Swedes in Sussex at that distance,
 and I hereby challenge Mr. WITHERS
 that piece against his piece
 (measure for measure), for the
 worth of the Barn at Cromer, in
 which Lord SUFFIELD and his
 stupid crew met to calumniate me.

TO MR. COBBETT.

SIR,—Since the extension of
 the Banking system, almost every
 tradesman, however inconsider-
 able, and indeed almost every
 farmer, keeps an account with a

Banker. There is no necessity,
 therefore, for any one to keep
 money in his house, as he pays
 all demands upon him by cheques
 upon his Banker. Only twenty
 years ago, very few tradesmen
 kept an account with a Banker;
 and as to farmers, they hardly
 knew, at that time, what the word
 meant. There is, I believe, now
 only one class of people who keep
 cash in their houses (I mean the
 pawnbrokers), and they are com-
 pelled to do so, as their customers
 cannot be paid with *cheques*.—
 These people, I am informed,
 keep no bank-notes by them
 now; but pay and receive in hard
 money. If, then, the great mass
 of tradespeople kept their money
 in their houses, as they used to do,
 what vast sums in gold would be
 necessary to supply them! As it
 is, knowing they will not have to
 keep it by them, they are indiffer-
 ent whether they receive gold or
 paper. This, I imagine, is the
 principal cause of the little de-
 mand for gold at the Bank.

Out of this *Banking* has arisen
 another species of paper-money,
 I mean *bills of Exchange*; which
 are now perverted from their origi-
 nal use. Twenty years ago it was
 considered a mark of *poverty*, for
 a tradesman to draw a bill for
 goods sold in London, and for

which he himself had taken credit. now tradesmen draw bills for almost every thing they sell; and sometimes, when they have nothing to sell, they draw upon one another without any value being given, and these bills are readily converted into cash, through the medium of that class called *Discount-Brokers*. It is worthy of remark that the principal *Discount-Brokers* are Quakers (whether *Hickory* ones or not I cannot say); whose influence is become so great, that if the *sons of Israel* do not bestir themselves, they will be in danger of being supplanted by the disciples of *George Fox*. Through this discounting system a fictitious capital is raised, so that *real* capital is not necessary for the carrying on of trade; and, indeed, it is very well known, that men of real property are doing much less business than heretofore, fearing to be involved with those who adventure because they have *nothing to lose*.

J. S.

Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman at Sheffield, who farms his own Land; 19th Aug. 1823.

THE Hay Harvest here has been very tedious and expensive, owing to the rain; but I think that in general it has been tolerably well got up: the crops are but light from the old swards, but the new lays are very good; I compute that our average, from 36 acres, is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ ton per acre. The weather is yet very rainy, and will throw the harvest very late. It is judged that there is considerably above an average crop on the ground; both of Wheat and Spring Corn; so that the grower who is calculating on better prices will be disappointed. Wheat in our market to-day has with difficulty been sold for 22s. 6d. per load (3 bushels) weighing 13 stone 12lbs. The best Hay is 4l. 15s. per ton, Straw 50s. per ton; so that the grower here is not obtaining the price in your markets.

MARKETS.

Average Prices of CORN throughout ENGLAND, for the week ending 9th August.

Per Quarter.

	s.	d.
Wheat.....	60	4
Rye	36	5
Barley.....	32	9
Oats	23	5
Beans	35	4
Pease	34	3

Corn Exchange, Mark Lane.

Quantities and Prices of British Corn, &c. sold and delivered in this Market, during the week ended Saturday, 9th August.

Qrs.	£.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat.. 6,273 for 19,191	4	11	Average, 61	2	
Barley.. 1,147....	2,029	19	6.....	35	4
Oats.... 9,391..	11,923	14	8.....	25	7
Rye..... 61....	107	3	0.....	35	1
Beans.... 575....	1,002	3	6.....	35	10
Pease.... 97....	181	0	6.....	37	3

Quarters of English Grain, &c. arrived Coastwise, from August 11 to August 16, inclusive.

Wheat.. 12,865	Pease	366
Barley.... 340	Tares.....	97
Malt..... 2,264	Linseed....	—
Oats.... 4,759	Rape	1,564
Rye	Brank.....	—
Beans... 1,543	Mustard....	14

Various Seeds 506; and Hemp 23 qrs.—Flour 9,834 sacks.

From Ireland. — Wheat 145; and Oats 4,085 qrs.—Flour 65 sacks.

Foreign.—Wheat 190; Oats 1,340; and Linseed 4,360 qrs.

Friday, August 15.—The Market has been well supplied with Wheat and Flour; which, combined with a more favourable appearance in the weather, has caused a general dullness; and Wheat is considered to be 2s. to 3s. per quarter lower than on Monday: in fact, no sales could have been effected even at a greater reduction: so that prices may be considered as merely nominal. There is very little doing in Barley, Beans, and Peas;—and although Oats remain at last Monday's currency, the trade is far from being brisk.

Monday, August 18.—The arrivals of all kinds of Grain last week were again considerable, and this morning there is a tolerable good quantity of Grain from Essex, Kent, and Suffolk, with a very few samples of *New* Wheat, Barley, Peas, and Oats.

The Flour trade still remains in an excessively dull state, and this has caused our Millers to decline purchasing Wheat this morning, so that the prices at the early part of the day had declined 4s. to 5s. per quarter from last Monday, but towards the close, a good quantity was purchased on speculation, by orders chiefly from Scotland, and the trade became more lively, and sales were made on about the same terms as Friday last.

Barley still continues scarce, and fully supports the terms of this day se'nnight. Beans are more plentiful, and although the last quotations are maintained, yet sales are made only to a limited extent. Boiling Peas are 2s. cheaper. In consequence of the expectation that bonded Oats will not be liberated, the prices of Oats have this day advanced 1s. per quarter, with a tolerable free sale.

SMITHFIELD, Monday, Aug. 18.

Per Stone of 8 pounds (alive).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef.....	3	6	to	4 0
Mutton.....	3	4	—	3 10
Veal.....	4	4	—	5 2
Pork.....	3	8	—	4 8
Lamb.....	4	4	—	4 8

Beasts....2,656 | Sheep...24,400
Calves.... 260 | Pigs..... 260

NEWGATE (same day).

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef.....	2	4	to	3 4
Mutton.....	2	6	—	3 6
Veal.....	3	0	—	4 8
Pork.....	3	0	—	4 8
Lamb.....	3	4	—	4 6

LEADENHALL (same day).

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef.....	2	4	to	3 6
Mutton.....	2	8	—	3 4
Veal.....	3	0	—	4 10
Pork.....	2	8	—	4 10
Lamb.....	3	4	—	4 8

City, 20 August, 1823.

BACON.

No advance has taken place during the past week, although the speculators have been very busy, and have employed every manoeuvre in their power for the purpose. Amongst other things they have endeavoured to cause a belief that there is no more Bacon to come from Ireland this season; and they have been doing this in the face of the fact, which they well know, that almost all the manufacturers are still going on curing: indeed there are 3,000 flitches just shipped on board one vessel now loading in the port of Waterford. There is a great abundance of fine Yorkshire hams, which can be sold to

the public at a lower price than the retailers can afford to sell Bacon at.—On board, 52s. to 54s.—Landed, 54s. to 56s.

BUTTER.

A great quantity is engaged to come forward, and there is still a desire to make purchases for future shipments. In the mean time the Dutch continues to come in plentifully, and, as usual, to be preferred for present use. There is, too, a great deal of Holstein and other foreign Butter, which, as it stands here in about 14s. per cwt. less than Irish (notwithstanding the 20s. per cwt. duty which it pays), and is more fit for present use than the Irish, does, of course, supersede in a great degree the use of the latter kind. Nevertheless the speculators will go on importing Irish, so that there is no fear of a want of Butter for winter use.—On board, Carlow, 80s. to 82s.—Waterford, 76s. to 77s.—Cork or Limerick, 74s. to 76s.—Landed, Carlow, 80s. to 82s.—Waterford, 76s. to 78s.—Cork or Limerick, 75s. to 76s.—Dutch, 74s. to 80s.

CHEESE.

Very little doing.—Old Cheshire, 70s. to 76s.—Old Double Gloucester, 70s. to 74s.—New, 56s. to 62s.—Single Berkley, 56s. to 58s.

POTATOES.

SPITALFIELDS.—per Ton.

Ware.....	2	10	to	3 6
Middlings.....	1	10	—	1 15
Chats.....	1	10	—	0 0
Common Red..	0	0	—	0 0
Onions..	0s. 0d.	—	0s. 0d.	per bush.

BOROUGH.—per Cwt.

Ware.....	2	6	to	3 3
Middlings.....	1	6	—	2 0
Chats.....	1	0	—	1 6
Common Red..	0	0	—	0 0
Onions..	0s. 0d.	—	0s. 0d.	per bush.

HAY and STRAW, per Load.

Smithfield.—Hay... 100s. to 115s.
Straw... 40s. to 46s.
Clover 100s. to 120s.

St. James's.—Hay... 75s. to 115s.
Straw... 36s. to 46s.
Clover 100s. to 120s.

Whitechapel.—Hay... 80s. to 115s.
Straw... 40s. to 46s.
Clover... 90s. to 130s.

Price of HOPS, per Cwt. in the BOROUGH.

Monday, Aug. 18.—There is no improvement on the bad grounds; in those which appeared likely to

grow from one to four bags per acre, are in many grounds going off: the duty may be expected the least ever known. The high winds are reported as having done much damage to the good grounds; the Market steady, but little doing. Currency the same.

Maidstone, Aug. 14.—The weather still continuing so very unfavourable, we cannot give any better account of the Hop plantations, which present a truly dismal appearance, and this district, excepting a few fortunate spots that have in part escaped, will grow scarcely any thing, as they are too late now possibly to recover. Duty called 30,000*l*.